

IDEAL CHRISTMAS PACKAGE WANTED; FOLKS ARE TOLD

Suggestions from Whole
Army Will Be Used in
Cabled Reply

DON'T FORGET DIMENSIONS

Stars and Stripes Asks Aid of A.E.F.
in Getting Real Needs Supplied
Up to Three Pounds

Dimensions: Nine by four by three inches—108 cubic inches.
Weight: Three pounds—0.2777777777 (and as many more sevens as you care to add) pounds to the cubic inch.
These are the requirements, announced in this newspaper last week, which every Christmas package for a soldier in the A.E.F. must meet before it will be allowed to leave America.
Nine by four by three inches—three pounds. No more—and who wants any less?

You can imagine what is going to happen when some 2,000,000 mothers, fathers, wives, sweethearts, aunts, uncles and the rest of the folks start to select what is going into those packages.

Debates Sure to Follow

You can hear the debates about the fruit cake. Shall Aunt Susie's wistful be ruled out in favor of Aunt Hattie's fruit cake—that is, if fruit cake isn't perishable? Shall Cousin George's sporty suggestion of three packs of cards (including one pinocchio deck) and a set of poker dice be allowed to stand, or is there more weight in Uncle Fred's opinion that the boy must have used up all his safety razor blades (and probably lost the razor) several months ago? The kid brother's proposal to send a motorcycle starts a laugh, but can they dismiss so easily the little sister's modest insistence that the package be filled chock-a-block full with home-made fudge?

It's going to be one of the problems of the war. It is a major operation, if there ever was one.

Now, while none of the folks is an expert on what to pick out for Christmas presents, while they may have their own ideas of what we want even more than we do, still, can't we help them, can't we make the puzzle easier to solve?

We have been here anywhere from one day to 17 months. We know, by this time, what we can get and what we can't, what we need and what we don't.

What, then, should be in the contents of the ideal 9x4x3 Christmas package? The STARS AND STRIPES will cable home, in plenty of time for the folks to act on it, if they want to, the best suggestions for such a package that it receives from the members of the A.E.F.

Don't Forget the Size

There will probably be many ideal suggestions. A member of a Field Signal Battalion in the line may not want the same three pounds of practical good cheer that an assistant provost marshal at a port of entry would like. A man stationed in a good-sized S.O.S. camp might conceivably be able to buy something that a doughboy, wondering when the ration carts are going to catch up, would give his soul to have sent to him from the very heart of the salt fields of Utah.

We shall, so far as is possible and practicable, take all these considerations into account. All we ask the American soldier to do is to remember that every package is to be smaller than a piano box and larger than a watch case—that it must be, to be exact once more, nine inches by four inches by three inches in size, and that it must weight no more than three pounds.

The folks will be waiting to hear your suggestions. The great news services have already carried word back to them that your suggestions are coming. Send them along. The best ones will go to America, and they will reach America in plenty of time.

Just put the words "Christmas Package Idea" somewhere on the envelope when you write us.

BALLOON OBSERVER REJOINS HIS OUTFIT

Lieutenant Finds Old Battery, but Not in Orthodoxy Way

Lieut. Herbert Hudnut, late of Princeton and New York, has rejoined his old outfit.

He came over in May as an Artillery officer, but in August he shook hands all around and went off to become a balloon observer. What became of him during the next exciting weeks none of the old crowd knew, and what became of his wandering brigade Lieutenant Hudnut had no notion. He thought it would be pleasant to drop in on them sometime during the war if he could ever find them.

For himself, he was ordered to a battery in the Argonne, and from that elevation he was studying the landscape on the German side of the battle line when a Boche plane emerged suddenly from a low-hanging cloud and made a dive for him.

Lieutenant Hudnut and his balloonist grabbed the parachutes and jumped. The great balloon was soon nothing but a slowly sinking torch, and the lieutenant a much rattled observer collecting his wits in the high branches of a tree to which the wind had wafted him.

As he started finally to climb to earth, and an American officer held up a helping hand, he heard that officer exclaim: "Well, how in hell did you get up our tree?"

From the lowest crotch of it, Lieutenant Hudnut paused and surveyed the outfit below. He had landed in his old battery.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY TO THE GERMAN PEACE PROPOSAL

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, OCTOBER 8, 1918.

Before replying to the Imperial German Government, and in order that the reply may be as candid and as direct as the formidable interests at stake require, the President of the United States considers it necessary to assure himself of the exact significance of the note of the Imperial Chancellor.

Does the Imperial Chancellor mean that the Imperial German Government accepts the conditions set by the President in his address to Congress the eighth of January last, and in his subsequent addresses, and that its aim in opening discussion would only be to come to an agreement upon the practical details and their application? The President finds himself obliged to say, in respect to the suggestion of an armistice, that he does not see any possibility of proposing a cessation of hostilities to the Governments with which the Government of the United States is associated against the Central Powers as long as the armies of the latter Powers are upon the soil of the associated Governments. The good faith of any discussion would manifestly depend upon the consent of the Central Powers to withdraw immediately everywhere their forces from the invaded territory.

The President also considers himself justified in asking whether the Imperial Chancellor makes inquiry simply in the name of the constituted authorities of the Empire who have up to the present carried on the war. He considers that the reply to these questions is vital from all points of view.

(Signed)

ROBERT LANSING.

88 ORPHANS TAKEN IN BEST WEEK OF WHOLE CAMPAIGN

Total of 125 Christmas Gift
Adoptions on Road
to 500 Total

YOUNGEST PARRAIN FOUND

But If You Use the Best French,
You Will Have to Call Miss
Taft a MARRAINE

Eighty-eight French Christmas Gift War Orphans adopted and guaranteed, come what may, food, clothing, comfort, a home, schooling—a Christmas present which lasts a whole year!

Such was the week's response of the A.E.F. to the appeal of THE STARS AND STRIPES for Christmas-all-the-year-round aid for half a thousand little French children whose fathers gave their lives for the same glorious cause which brought us all to Europe. Eighty-eight this week and 37 last week, making a total of 125 in the fortnight which has elapsed since the first call for assistance was issued.

Answers came this week from units in all parts of the A.E.F. and from all branches of the service, with a liberal sprinkling of adoptions by individual soldiers from almost every rank from private to colonel, answers which voiced the will and the generosity of the A.E.F. to help these 500 children into whose lives have come so early the harsh realities and sufferings of war.

Proper Spirit Here

"If I cannot engage this year in the ancient and honorable custom of giving Christmas presents to those who do not need them very badly, I can, at least, give a present to some one who does need one by adopting a little orphan," wrote one new godfather in the letter accompanying his 500 franc contribution. And this was the spirit which pervaded the letters received from O.D. Santa Claus.

The receipt of 88 contributions for the fathering and Christmas cheer of 88 children breaks all previous weekly records for the adoption of war orphans by the A.E.F., surpassing by more than a score the previous high water mark set last summer, when one regiment of Infantry from Ohio swelled the total by becoming parrains to 54 children at one time.

It is a fatal reverse for old General Grant and his chief of staff, General Despair, whose troops, until the generous A.E.F. have been in sight, were getting a pretty firm foothold in some fatherless French homes.

One of the week's adoptions was by a young lady, a granddaughter of an old President of the United States, who, despite the youth of the French orphan which has been assigned to her, is somewhat the junior of her ward. We are not just exactly certain of the age of this young lady, but it is a matter of weeks. She is Miss Eleanor Kellogg Taft of Rose Hill, Waterbury, Conn., U.S.A., and her intermediary in the adoption was her father, Lieut. Charles P. Taft, Jr.

"Address All Communications—"

"Please find enclosed a money order that ought to yield 500 francs," wrote Lieut. Taft. "This, as you might suspect, is for the adoption of one war orphan. I'm not particular about the race, color or previous conditions of servitude of this young sir or madame. In explanation, I may say that the news of the arrival of a brand new and healthy daughter some weeks ago called for some kind of a celebration. So all communications on the part of the orphan will be addressed to Miss Eleanor Kellogg Taft, as well as any credit for this contribution."

And so Miss Eleanor Kellogg Taft becomes a marraine, the youngest on the rolls of the A.E.F.

Lieut. Taft was not the only one to adopt a child in another's name. One Yank—and here's a tip for all of the lovers in the A.E.F.—sent in his contribution in the name of his best girl back in the States. Pretty clever, isn't it? So all communications on the part of the orphan will be addressed to Miss Eleanor Kellogg Taft, as well as any credit for this contribution."

Don't Let This Get Very Far

Even the official letter readers of the A.E.F. turned their eyes from the first envelopes and came out from behind their screen of anonymity at the mention of Christmas Gift War Orphans. The detachment of the Base Censor's office became a parrain.

A major in the Medical Department adopted a child to celebrate the first anniversary of his arrival in France.

"I don't know how I could more fitly celebrate it," he wrote. "Please pick me out one that no one else wants. I had been looking for presents for my wife and boy for Christmas when I saw your appeal. I shall make this my Christmas present to them."

Co. K.—Inf., wrote:

"Co. K comes across for two of your

THE BEST CHRISTMAS BOX OF ALL



S.O.S. SETS RECORD IN BANNER MONTH, 767,648 TON TOTAL

Soldier Landed Every 8 1/2
Seconds, 433 an Hour,
in September

Figures for September, just made available, show the attaining of a new high record in the handling of business by the S.O.S.

The American base ports handled 767,648 tons, a daily average of 25,588 tons, which represents a daily increase of nearly 10 per cent over the August figures themselves.

As previously announced at Washington, troops disembarked numbered 311,969, an increase over August of 10,443. This means that throughout September 10,308 American soldiers landed every day, or 433 every hour—one soldier every 8 1/2 seconds night and day during the whole month.

On the same reckoning, nearly a quarter of a ton of material was being handled every second by soldiers toiling at the ports. Tonnage figures also show that each man working on a 10-hour schedule unloaded an average of two and six-tenths tons during September.

10,000 Cars in Service

Rolling stock added to American equipment in France showed another considerable increase, raising the number of American locomotives in service to well over a thousand and the number of cars to well over 10,000. All of these are operating in the chain of transportation that is taking men and supplies forward. One of the largest ports handled 271,796 tons of supplies in the 30-day period.

Engineers working in one car construction shop broke all previous records in a day when they turned out 125 American standard freight cars—more than enough to handle a day's supplies for an entire division. A locomotive erection shop also exceeded all old marks by putting into service an average of eight big locomotives every day.

SHOE PRICES FIXED

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, Oct. 10.—The War Industries Board has brought about an agreement with the shoe industry, fixing maximum prices for shoes after October 15. There are three grades of qualities and prices. The first grade is \$9 to \$12, the next grade \$6 to \$8.50, and the third grade from \$3 to \$5.50.

JOIN THE S.O.L. CLUB

Statistics show that a lot of the Army is S.O.L. on something most of the time. It may be sex, it may be music, it may be shoes, it may be anything. To be S.O.L. is to be in an unenviable position.

THE STARS AND STRIPES intends to make that position, in at least one particular, a highly enviable one.

Fifty hundred and twenty-five copies of the Fourth Liberty Loan Special Extra of THE STARS AND STRIPES, a million and a half copies of which were printed and distributed in New York City at the opening of the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, have reached France. They are better souvenirs of the war than Boche helmets. They will be sold at five frames a copy.

We expect at least 5,250 answers. That means that only one man in ten can get a copy. We intend, if the nine S.O.L. men will let us, to keep the five frames just the same and add it to the Christmas Gift War Orphans fund. If any of the nine want their money back, they can have it.

Please address the envelope in which you place your five frames to the S.O.L. Editor, "THE STARS AND STRIPES," 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris.

On October 22 the names of all the soldiers in the A.E.F. who have sent in their five frames will be placed in a hat, and the lucky 525 who really get copies of the Special Extra will be drawn therefrom.

PAY BOOKS OCTOBER 31

The new army pay books will be in the possession of every enlisted man in the A.E.F. by October 31, and not October 1, as was originally planned. Difficulties encountered in the issuing of the 4,000,000 books and envelopes are responsible for the delay.

The large number of books needed made the problem of paper, labor and transportation one that took weeks in the solving. The big French bindery house that had the work in hand lacked sufficient men, and 40 American soldiers were put on the job to help out.

It needed a wide search to locate the 10,000 rolls of molskinn required for the covers. The book paper consumed 550 reams of paper and the cover 300 reams, the cover paper being used to strengthen the molskinn.

On October 7 the shipments of the books to every unit were completed, and the individual distribution will take place between now and the end of the month.

Men in hospital are already being cared for by the Q.M.

HINDENBURG LINE NOW WELL BEHIND ADVANCING YANKS

Gains Along British Front
Made in Face of Bitter
Resistance

With the Hindenburg line definitely broken from below St. Quentin to above Le Cateau and no longer an obstacle to the Allied advance in Picardy, the American soldiers who, in the last week of September, played one of the leading and most valorous roles in piercing and rending asunder this formidable German defense system are continuing to batter their way eastward against no less redoubtable positions beyond.

Last Tuesday morning, when the whole 20-mile front from Cambrai to St. Quentin blazed again into battle, the Yanks—men of the 30th Division, made up of Tennessee, North Carolina and South Carolina troops—with their backs to the ground upon which they had won their hard-fought conquest nine days earlier, went over the top again.

Following tanks and a rolling barrage, they kept abreast of the Allies on both flanks and, without pause, captured the towns of Brancourt and Prement and fought their way further toward Bohain, taking more than 1,000 prisoners and, among other booty, two complete batteries of German 105's, which were promptly turned against the enemy.

Weather Clears in Time

All during the night that preceded the attack the Americans stood in a cold, piercing rain. The signal to start came with the first light of dawn, and with it came a clearing of the weather, leaving the ground fairly hard.

The attack was met with light artillery resistance, as some of the Boche gunners, taking time by the forelock, hunched up and hustled rearward, and by rearguard action which was exceedingly stern in patches.

Many machine gunners fought as valiantly as ever, yielding only after fierce hand-to-hand fighting. On the other hand, many Germans showed an eagerness to surrender which was totally absent in the fighting of the previous days when the Boche soldiers had the strong defenses of the Hindenburg line to bolster their fading hopes.

One German captain, wearing on his bosom an iron cross, first class, surrendered with 20 men of his command to three doughboys, armed only with revolvers, who strayed into his outpost. Many are the stories of American gallantry.

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WHOLE BATTALION, BOCHE ENCIRCLED, RELIEVED AT LAST

Troops Caught in Argonne
Rescued After Six
Foodless Days

NO THOUGHT OF SURRENDER

Major Who Shaved Regularly
Grub Around When Bearded
Yanks Come Out

One of the great adventures of this war reached a happy ending in the early hours of Monday evening when relief came through rain and darkness to a battalion of American soldiers that for six unforgettable nights had been surrounded by German forces in that blighted jungle which is known as the Forest of the Argonne.

The story of that siege, the story of the dreadful suffering borne with a high and undaunted spirit, the story of the defense and rescue when it can be told in full, will take its place in history alongside the relief of the men who were under an American heartbeats for centuries to come.

From the night of Wednesday, October 2, to the night of Monday, October 7, that battalion was isolated on the northern slope of a bleak, unsheltered ravine with the German army and its overcast sky above them and a powerful German detachment deeply entrenched on the other side of the ravine, so close that the doughboys burrowed into the hillside could hear the calls and orders of their enemy, could be reached by German machine guns and German rifles if they showed themselves in the open.

When night settled over the forest on Monday last their situation was desperate. What little food they had had with them was spent on the second day. For three days they had been eating plums of tobacco and chewing on the roots of underbrush. For water they had to depend on a muddy stream at the bottom of the ravine and on one clear, grateful spring that bubbled there invitingly; but each trip to it meant exposure to snipers. More than one doughboy fell in fetching water. What few blankets and overcoats they had were used in the first, fine rush which carried the ravine had long since gone to wrap around the wounded. For their dead and wounded lay with them on the hillside.

Three Attacks Fought Off

They were drenched to the skin and weak from hunger and long exposure to the chill October wind. They had fought off three savage attacks—fought them off with their own machine guns, their own rifles and bayonets, their own hand grenades—but by the sixth night their store had so dwindled that there was little chance of their resisting successfully another attack.

They knew in their hearts and knew by their senses that the rest of the Americans, no more than 1,200 meters below them in the forest, were trying to reach them. They had seen planes come looking for them in the infernal forest. They had seen planes shot down in the effort to reach them. They had heard from time to time the sound of heavy firing nearby. They knew that the effort to reach them had been and would be unrelenting, but there had come to the stoutest heart the doubt that they would come in time. Yet in all that besieged battalion there was none who thought for one moment of surrendering to the encircling enemy.

The battalion waited its fourth attack without much hope, for its stock of ammunition was low and the men were weak they could hardly drag themselves to their feet. Some had written little letters of farewell to their folks and in these last hours each was entrusting his to some pal on the chance that the pal might get through alive. There were some blinks whooped shyly. Little unchronicled deeds of kindness the week had witnessed. Here and there men promised to kill each other if it came a question of capture.

Rations for the Boys

Then suddenly out of the darkness voices were heard calling, "Major Whittlesey!"

The boys along the line could hear him answering from his hole in the ground. "Major, we've got here!" The whistles were exultant. "We're up on your right. We're here!" Then a pause. "Are—any—have brought some rations for the boys."

There was a moment of absolute silence, and then all along the side of the ravine could be heard gusts of hysterical laughter. Relief had come. The besieged battalion had gone forward, and the German line had taken up its position with orders to hold it. Into some strongly fortified German trenches just to the rear there filtered a powerful German force, how powerful can be guessed from that fact that when that trench was finally carried, a colonel, two majors, and their entire staffs were among the prisoners.

Major Whittlesey, when the dawn of October 3 showed that he was cut off, sent back runners with a report on his position. The runners fell in their courses. He sent up pigeons, and it was

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ARGONNE BATTLE IN SECOND PHASE, HARDEST JOB YET

Germany's Best Thrown in
to Check Advance on
Vital Points

NEARER KRIEMHILDE LINE

Single Yank Division, Pitted Against
Four of Foe, Goes Four Kilo-
meters in 48 Hours

The battle of Argonne, which was launched on September 26, entered upon its second phase on the morning of Friday, October 4.

By that time, the Artillery, straining forward through a waterless, shelterless, trackless wilderness, had caught up at last with the Infantry, which, in the first savage shove, had fought, slashed, chewed and torn its way to a depth in some places, as great as 12 kilometers. By that time the guns had all caught up with the doughboys and so, under shelter of the heavy, almost impenetrable mist which overlay all that tortured countryside on Friday morning, the doughboys went forward.

With during enemy planes swooping suddenly down on them out of the ominous, low-hanging, clouds, with the enemy guns spraying and ripping up their path, with enemy machine guns opening up on them not by scores nor hundreds but by thousands, the doughboys went forward. Before the sun had gone down on the second day, they had moved ahead all along the line and in some places wrested another four kilometers of withered France from the German grip.

By the 14th day of the battle, the force of the American pressure was increasing rather than slackening. A converging movement was in full progress and the advance towards Romagne in the center was continuing, attended by as heavy and sustained a pounding of guns as has ever been known in the history of American artillery.

Meanwhile, on Tuesday, to the obvious surprise of the enemy, the attack suddenly extended across the Meuse to what had previously been its peaceful eastern bank.

There at dawn, French and American troops started a fight that moved the line for some six kilometers, reclaiming several more villages, and roped in a tidy group of German and Austrian soldiers, of which 1,400 were credited by sundown of the first day to the American troops, engaged.

Resistance Never More Bitter

The Argonne advance is by far the hardest job that has been assigned to the American soldier since he sailed from his far-away home. Never in this war has the American Army, or any part of it, made its way over a battlefield so difficult, struck at the German power in a point so vital, fought against a German resistance so desperate. Not at St. Mihiel, not on the Cote, nor on the Vesle was the opposition so grim.

Hurried from the four corners of the battlefield, the best the Germans can boast have been thrown in one after another to bar the American advance to the west of the winding Meuse.

One dogged, self-possessed American division, whose magnificent history can never be fully told till this war is done, was met, in the course of the 48 hours which opened the second stage of the battle, by four German divisions, a flower—the somewhat wilted flower—of the German army, and yet that division, heaving its way northward just to the east of the Argonne Forest, managed somehow to move forward four kilometers during these two days.

As in Primitive America

Big German guns boomed away at them. Ahead of them, hidden in every nook and cranny of that blighted country, were machine guns manned by men under orders not to yield a meter of it, not to yield an inch of it—hundreds upon hundreds of those great man-killers of the war which had to be resisted blindly or to be overwhelmed by tanks or, more often, to be stalked warily, cunningly, craftily as the Redskins stalked their foe in primitive America.

It seemed not to dismay these battalions to meet such opposition. Rather they went forward, resolute in the knowledge that such resistance there in Argonne meant just much less resistance to the victorious sweep of the Allied Armies over by Rheims and all along the western front to Flanders.

They fought on in the knowledge that just ahead of them lay a defensive line that came to be known as the Hindenburg line, a line of wooded crests which the little town of Romagne-sous-Montfaucon as their focal point.

The Kriemhilde Line

This line, named after Kriemhilde, is somewhat reinforced by long-standing trenches on which, during the past fortnight, the enemy has been hard at work. But to look there for any such complete system of artificial defense as Hindenburg reared against the British to the north and named after himself would be like looking for barbed wire on Gibraltar.

With fighting, savage, bitter fighting in progress every hour of the day and night along the whole 20 miles that stretch westward from the Meuse, it is difficult to get along here the story of each mile to report, while it is still being wrought, the epic of such assaults as those made on the hills near Exermont and Montfaucon, the clearing out of the Bois de la Morin, the taking of Gesnes, or the amazing battle which has been waged for so long here, the story of the Forest of Argonne by troops from New York, fighting none the less grimly because they have learned the treachery of the men opposing them—learned it, for instance, by such a sorry episode as that which attended the taking of the Abri of St. Louis, when a hundred Germans, running out with cries of "Kamerad!" and all the now-familiar yelps of surrender, proved at closer range to be troops armed with hand grenades which they hurled at the still too trusting Americans.

When the veil of the censorship is